

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:
A
SCOTS
PASTORAL COMEDY,

BY
ALLAN RAMSAY.

A New Edition, with the SONGS, carefully corrected.

To which is Added,
Familiar EPISTLES between Lieutenant
WILLIAM HAMILTON and the AUTHOR.

*The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a Spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy Brier,
That Colin heigh, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his Song did learn.*

Spenser, p. 1113.

GLASGOW:
Printed and Sold by J. & M. ROBERTSON,
MDCCLXXXIII.

ALEXANDER ROSS, A. M.
In his Introduction to **HELENORE**, or
the **FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS**, says of
the **GENTLE SHEPHERD**:

WHAT wad I geen, had SCOTTA put her thumb
Upo' the weel tell'd tale till I had come;
Synce led my hand alongst it, line for line,
O to my dying day, how I wad shine!
And as far 'yont it as syn HABBIE play'd,
Or Christ's Kirk o' the Green was first essay'd!
And mair I wad na wiss, but ALLAN bears
The gree himsel, and the green laurel wears;
Well may he brook them, for he justly ought,
The **GENTLE SHEPHERD** is sae finely wrought,
Wi' Acts and Scenes, of maisterly design,
Which do in SCOTTA's pu'by language shine.



T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD;
A
PASTORAL COMEDY.

INSCRIBED to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
SUSANNA Countess of EGLINTON.

M A D A M,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of a vast number that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglington, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer: since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY; be that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give Liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possesst of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature; but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poets priviledge, which is, *To speak what every body thinks*. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the *Idalion* registers were of as short duration as life; but the *Bard*, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear; but if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

*If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.*

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,
and most devoted Servant,

A L L A N R A M S A Y.

The

The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd in Love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd in Love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hind engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within Twenty four Hours.*

First Act *begins at Eight in the Morning.*

Second Act *begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.*

Third Act *begins at four in the Afternoon.*

Fourth Act *begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.*

Fifth Act *begins by Day-light next Morning.*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halsome waters yield.
Two youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks as bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, 'till hollow echoes ring:
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. The waking of the Faulds.

PATIE. **M**Y Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,

That

A Pastoral Comedy.

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*That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best,
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At waking of the fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds, chirm o'er their pleasing rants,
How halsome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care.
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great,
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood;
But I, oppress'd wi' never ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall lothe the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but its no easy done
By ane whafe saul's sae sadly out of tune.
Ye ha'e sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang or speak,

They die their lugs, syne up their leglanes cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,

While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought: Yet

Yet I am tall, and as well buik as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour ye hae not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
If that be true, what lignifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine braw nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine
Lefs ye wad los, and lefs ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upo' thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of many a loss,
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;
'Till birx'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And own that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute
Of Plumtree made, wi' iv'ry virls reund;
A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast;
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence:
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens.
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Tak courage Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e gnefs'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.

Me dorty Jenny looks upon a squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place, she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate:
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy lo'es, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Patie. But Bauldy lo'es na her, right weel I wat,
He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna lo'e her—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
E'en while he fawn'd, she strack the poor dumb tyke!
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard fack spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Giff she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'n do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebins she be sic a thrawn gabbet chuck
Yonder's a craig, since ye hae tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's lowp.

Roger. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way,
Seem careless, there my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my las I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I saw my Meg, come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e're she wist.

Her

Her coats were kiltet, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw;
 Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek;
 Her hassat locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustain waistcoat clean:
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green,
 Blythsome I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
 But I can guess, ye'er gawn to gather dew;
 She scour'd awa' and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye well, Meg-dorta, and eens ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first—than bad me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh; and sae did she: then wi' great haste,
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a south
 Of sweetest kisses from her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came loupin to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant na as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny gack,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat.
 And wi' a simple face give way
 To a repulse—then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.*

When

*When maidens innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue:
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a' your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: For now as cleen's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
As for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawthorn woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
With sprallings like gowd, and filler cross'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well ye are wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
Led up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel haud ye there——and since ye've
frankly made

to me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
At that time bannocks and a shave o' cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health instead of spice.
Then we ha'e tane the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing i' ye like mysel. [Exit.

SCENE

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.
S C E N E II.
P R O L O G U E.

*A flowrie hewm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths :
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining smooth and round ;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear ;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear ;
While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG wi' better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. **C**OME Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this
green,

This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The water's clear the list unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's how,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow ;
Between twa birks out o'er a little lin.

The water fa's and makes a singan din ;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass.
We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourfells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cawler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked what'll ye say
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae ? that jeering fallow Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight ;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height ;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
The nibours a' tent this as weel as I :
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny.

Jenny, I dianna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.

He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a gee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee:
He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And sew gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say;
Except, *How d'ye?—or, there's a bonny day.*

Peggy. Ye dafh the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
What like's a dotty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet;
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavins at the last.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the green.*

*The dotty will repent
If lover's hearts grow cauld,
And nane her face will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:*

*The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by its fell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I——But love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsel,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
 The chieils may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doin your ways; for me I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh, lafs! hqw can you lo'e that rattle skull?
 A very deil that ay maun ha'e his will.
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome free and youthfu' joys.*

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 'Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
 There we may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare ca' it rude.
 He's get his will; why no? 'tis good my part
 To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
 Mak mickle o' ye wi' an unco fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane;
 But soon as his newfanglenetis is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the niest he'll flyte;
 And may be, in his barlikhoods ne'er slick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peggy.

Peggy. Sic coarse spun thoughts as thae want pith to
 My fettered mind; I'm o'er far gane in love. (move
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane of a' the Herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music thro' my heart,
 How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckleless fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is——but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is?
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

Jenny. Hey bonny Lads of Branksome! or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride:
 Syne whinging gets about your ingle side,
 Yelping for this and that with fashious din:
 To mak them brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsel wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The deil gaes o'er Jock Webster; hame grows hell;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

SANG V. *Tune,* How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour weak silly fallows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife,
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Peggy. Yes 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.

Gif I'm fae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
 Then see sic wee tots toolying at our knee;
 When a' they cittle at—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?

Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like o' them, when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw;
 For little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom;
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainy racks of hay—
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
 May sinoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
 But or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent;
 'Tis no to gie, your merchant's to the bent;
 His honour maunna want, he poidns your gear;
 Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life:
 Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck besa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best:
 Nae mair's required; let heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let;
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, tron or fair,
 For halfsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo;
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due.
 Syne a' behinds our ain;—thus without fear,
 Wi' love and routh we thro' the world will steer;

And

And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll blifs the day he gat me for a wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his ha'f worn Meg,
And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind,
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art,
To keep him chearfua' and secure his heart,
At e'en when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
In winter when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good humour and white biggonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fouk grows auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together and ne'er find
The los of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas't,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastern blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nancy's to the green wood gane*

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have win,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
Thy ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.*

Peggy. Alake poor prisoner! *Jenny* that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Giff he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freethe the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aun
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant;
But when we've done I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE I. PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green:
Hens on the midden, ducks in the dabs are seen.
On this stands a burn, on that a byre:
A peet slack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Gland's;—there you may see him lean,
And to his direct seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Gland. **G**OOD morrow, nibour Symon,—come
fit down,
And gies your cracks,—What's a' the news in town.

Th

They tell me ye was in the lither day,
And said your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey;
I'll warrant ye've cost a pund o' cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy: (boy,
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burr;
To tell you things ha'e taken sic a turn;
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like slaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

Glaud. Py blaw!—Ah Symie! rattling chieles na'er
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand, (stand
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But loose your pock, be't true or fause let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head
Because ye ken fou weel he bravely chose
To shine, or set in glory wi' Montrose.

Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk,
Has plaid the Rump a right flee begunk;
Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habbie says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII. Tune, Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.

*Could be the rebels' cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last,
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.*

Glaud. That maks me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw,
Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he sithly claim!

Symon.

Sym. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare;
' Put on your bonnet Symon—tak a seat— [Kate?
' How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does
' How sells black cattle?—What gie's woo this year?
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

*The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free;
Nor rack his poor tenants who labour,
To rise aboon poverty:
Else like the pack-horse that's unfather'd
And burden'd will tumble down faint;
That virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasse clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day,
We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height:
I'll yoke my sled and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown;
And gar our cottars a' man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tane the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bank my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine;
For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow o' mant,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat,

A furlet o' good takes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham bings reestling in the neuk.
 I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pot that feeds the whey put on.
 A mutton bouk to boil; — and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae coast.
 Small are they short; and she can mix son nice,
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice.
 Fat are the puddings, — heads and feet we'll sung;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young.
 To pass this afternoon wi' gles and game,
 And drink our Master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my neerest friend that I like best:
 Bring wi' you a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r fell, auld birkie, never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd and auld.
 Auld, said I be! Troth I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' this good news, than what I was before,
 I'll dance or een! hey Madge, come forth d'ye hear!

Enter Madge.

Mad. The man's gain gyne! — Dear Symon, welcome
 What wad ye Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din? [here
 Ye never let a body sit to spin]

Glaud. Spin! Spin! — O! break your wheel, and
 burn your tow,
 And set the meiklest peet-stack in a row:
 Syne dance about the bon-fire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed! — And wha wad't tald
 you o't?

Glaud. Wha'ts that to you! — gae get my Sunday's
 Wale on the whiff o' my bobbit bands, [coat;
 My white skin-hose, and mittans for my hands;
 Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'r sel as trip, head, feet and waist,

As

As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine wi' Sym, bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge—and, Gland, I'll o'er
the gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With fold'd arms, and haff rais'd looks ye see.*

B A U L D Y his lane.

Bauldy. **W**HAT's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis
war than hell.

To be sae burnt wi' love, yet darna tell;
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows,
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be, my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her!—wae me! and she loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a beast,
That maks rash aiths, 'till he's afore the priest.
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis sair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantraps, and gi'e me advice;
She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;

Boils

Boils up their livers in a warlocks pow,
 Lins witherthins about the hemlock low :
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom o' black tairs and snakes,
 Of this, unsonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates ;—— and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire,
 Buck fou o' prins ; the devilish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe ; ay, ay, she kens fou weel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith amais I'm feard :
 But I maun do't, though I shou'd never thrive ;
 They gallop fast, that deils and lasses drive.

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*A green kail yard, a little fount,
 Where water poplan springs,
 There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle an' the King come.*

MAUSE. **P**EGGY now the king's come,
 Peggy now the king's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy since the king's come.
*Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now Peggy since the king's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen ?
 e look baith hale and feir at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
 and beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.

What

What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough o' baith—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

Mause. O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm possessit,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Bauldy. The word that gangs how ye're sae wise and
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. [fell]

Mause. What fouk say o' me, Bauldy let me hear,
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

Bauldy. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.

When the last wind made Glaud a roofless barn,
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn,
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stan' its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night through the shaw,
And tint himsel amaisht amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
You, Lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
And ilk a ane here dreads you round about:
And sae they may that mean to do ye skaith:
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
But when I neist mak groats, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlot o' them mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye lad,—now tell me your demand
And if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy—Neps is fond o' me—
Peggy likes Pate—and Patie's bauld and flee,
And Joe's sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps and than
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man. *Mause*

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways and come again at night:

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and groats, tak ye hae care.

Bauldy. Well Maufe I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syn'e rain and thunder, may be when 'tis late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like badrons, for a jest;
And there ye can our diff'rent haviours spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
'Twixt you and me, else fear a little cast.

Bauldy. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alack! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' smack o' wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatsu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane kens but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dum. [*exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree upon the plain,
PATE and his PEGGY meet,
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

C

PATIE:

PATIE and PEGGIE.

Peggy. **O** Patie let me gang, I maunna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's
away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
How fast the westlin winds sough through the reeds!

Peggy. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please. [breeze,

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind:
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merle or mevis' throats:
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that bask the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield;
The sweetest fruits that hing upo' the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darena stay,—ye joker let me gang,
Another lass may gar ye change your sang,
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling in her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me either be said or doon,
Shall do thee wrang, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy.

Peggy. Then keep your aith. — But mony lads will
And be manforn to twa in half a year. (swear,
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg forsaken bootless might relate,
How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Though we're but young I've loo'd you mony a year;
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanfy-know or rashy-strand;
Thou smiling by my side, — I took delite
To pou the rashes green wi' roots sae white,
Of which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow and blue hether bells,
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers' or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day my heart was fighting fain:
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me:
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowden Knows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Ews*:
There's nane like Nancy, *Jenny Nettles* sings:
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion dings;
But when my *Peggy* sings wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Last of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lassies trow what they desire,
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up the fire,
But wha loves best let time and carriage try:
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.

Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X. Tune, The Yellow hair'd Ladie.

PEGGY.

*When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.*

PATIE.

*When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briars, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found but the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly, gawe pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings safely the Cowden Broom Knows,
And Rosie lists sweetly the Milking the ews,
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
At Thro' the Wood Ladie, Best gars our lugs ring,
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they can't sing like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses throw what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increas'es loves fire :
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

*Fatie. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave :
At naught they'll ferly, — senseless tales believe :
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve : —
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.*

But

But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty far excels them a':
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed,—But harken! yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad na be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire. ———

Patie. ————— Well, I agree. }

SANG XI. To its ain tune.

PATIE sings.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth;
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess my lassie that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should you deny?

PEGGY sings.

But ken ye lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done;
The maidens that o'er quickly tyne their pow'r,
Like unripe fruit; will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE sings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upo' the tree,
Their sweetness they may tyne and fae may ye:
Red cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have tho't and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY sings, falling into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE, with his left hand about her waist:

O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd wi' time:
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt, ye'll think he has a pedlar been;
But whisht! it is the Knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves,
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE Gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes,
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which I once lost,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hang nodding on their stalks:

But

But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No Jaccacinths nor Eglintines appear,
 How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and neet'rine branches found a bield?
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gapes the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief.—when I'm to see my Boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought.
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth,
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whittling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet, contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul untain'd with crime!!

SANG XII. Tune, Happy Clown.

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleeting flocks.*

*Healthful and innocently gay
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weather cocks.*

*Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy
 When truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfullied with a crime.*

*Unmar'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.*

Now

Now tow'rd's good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
 All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round,
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found,
 Yet all is clean: A clear peet ingle
 Glances amidst the floor:
 The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 on skelfs forgainst the door;
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 the auld anes think it best,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. **W**E ance were young our sells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrily,
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade;
 Among the lads he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elsp. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith;
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty tane,
 And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon.

Symon. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reason's I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Glaud. What reasons can ye have? There's nane, I'm
Unless that ye cast up that she's but poor: [sure,
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.

Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
My and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair kind Glaud; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Symon. Or this day eight-days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't:--come gi'esthe other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallen side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran Madge my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard;
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day. [*Exit Jen.*
But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my grey mare.

Glaud. Spae men! the truth o' a' their says I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns

Returns Jenny bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome honest carle—here tak a seat,

Sir Will. I give ye thanks goodman, I'se no be blate,

Glaud. [*drinks.*] Come t'ye friend,—How far came ye the day.

Sir Will. I pledge ye nibour, e'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind unfought—Weel gin ye ha'e
a bairn

That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [*pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad—alack!
I hae nae mae,

Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand—what
gars ye sneer?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point—But Billy byde,
I'll wager there's a mouse mark on your side.

Elspa. Beteech-us to! and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deil's o'er girt wi' you;
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird. (now?)

Elspa. A laird!—Hear ye goodman—what think ye

Sym. I dianna ken: Strange auld man! what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth,
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Patie. A laird o'twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be;
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand,
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

Sir

Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.

Elspa. Preserve's—the man's a warlock, or posselt wi' iome nae good, or second sight at least:
Where is he now? —————

Gland. ————— He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elsp. Thae second sighted fowk, (His peace be here!)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb——wow! can he tell
(Spear at him soon as he comes to himsel,)
How soon we'll see Sir William?—Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better—*Elspa,* haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tafs of usquebae.

Sir William starts up and speaks.

- " *A Knight that for a LION fought*
- " *Against a herd of bears,*
- " *Was to long toil and trouble brought*
- " *In which some thousands shares:*
- " *But now again the LION rares,*
- " *And joy spreads o'er the plain.*
- " *The LYON has defeat the bears,*
- " *The Knight returns again.*
- " *That Knight in a few days shall bring*
- " *A shepherd frae the fauld,*
- " *And shall present him to his King,*
- " *A subject true and bauld.*
- " *He Mr PATRICK shall be call'd:*
- " *All you that hear me now,*
- " *May well believe what I have tald,*
- " *For it shall happen true.*

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel,
But faith I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deil,
To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep;
Do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir

S. Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward ;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpled meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will make a noise o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym. believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whitt! doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice round the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well be't sae friend, I shall say naithing mair
But I've twa sonly lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish you could forsee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
Have but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch but some meat
And, o' your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around you ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a space, and see the young anes play
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

Exeunt

SCENE

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*JENNY pretends an errand hame,
young ROGER draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
and thaw his lassies breast.*

*Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet :
See, Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.*

Poor shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I ergh, ye're aye sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what would Roger say, if he cou'd speak ?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.

And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.

Ah ! cou'd I loe you less, I'd happy be :

But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?
Ye canna say that e're I said you nay.

Roger. Alake ! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jenny. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love ;
But to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move :

Except my kin ilk lad's alike to me ;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny !—sayna that again,
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?

I'm glad however that ye yet stand free ;

Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me ?

Jenny. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget ;
Wow ! but we're banny, good and every thing ;
How sweet we breath whene'er we kiss or sing !

D

But

But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent:
When prison'd in four wa's a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens when for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind;
But love, tne downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou shou'd scorn—still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooer's lips can sa'
But gurning marriage comes and ends them a';
I've seen wi' shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've seen the filler spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night:
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase and join the ocean without stain:
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang would love maintain
The fewest words my easy heart could gain;
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lo'ed your company:
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud my head
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead,
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And birze thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

SANG XIII. Tune, Leith-wind.

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
 You shou'd nae mair complain;
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain:
 For I must own, now since ye're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline!
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
 Is Jenny then sae kind?——
 O let me birze thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine;
 Delightfu' thought, we'll never part!
 Come press thy mouth to mine.*

*Jenny. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gies way,
 To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
 Now by the warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 I wear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.*

*Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If you agree wi' me to lead your life.*

SANG XIV. Tune, O'er Boggie.

JENNY.

*Weel, I agree, ye're sure of me:
 Next to my father gae;
 Mak him content to gie consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay:
 For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.*

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*Should he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain :
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will ha'e nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree :
 And if ye prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.*

*Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen farrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byars rout:
 Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the sell,
 Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made :
 Ilk thing that maks a hartsome house and tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They lest me a' ; which now gi'es joy to me,
 Because I can gi'e a' my dear, to thee :
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my jenny shcu'd the samen skair.
 My love and a' is yours ; now hand them fast,
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.*

*Jenny. I'll do my best :---but see wha comes this way
 Patie and Meg :---besides, I manna stay :
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn :
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn.*

*Rog. To where the saugh tree shades the mennen-pool
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
 Keep trisse, and meet me there ;---there let us meet
 To kiss, and tell our love ;---there's nought sae sweet*

S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

*This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM,
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the Baron shown his face :*

*But joking with his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir W. **T**O whom belongs this house, so much decay'd ?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous
To bear the head up, when rebellious Tail [aid
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now *He's come hame.*

Sir William draps his masking beard :

Symon transported, sees

The welcome Knight, with fond regard,

And grasps him round the knees.

My master ! my dear master ! -- do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free from skaith !
Return'd to chear his wishing tenants fight,
To bless his son, my charge, the World's delight !

S. Wil. Rise, faithful Symon ; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy :
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise :
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock : -- neist, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty : since without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

S. Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends : -- which gie's their fauls a cast
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true ;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few :
His father steight his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name :
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace :
Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin ;

Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain fam'ly as to gi'e him trust.

Sir Will. Such uselefs branches of a common-wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest summer-day
Wad be o'er short—cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed he can fae weel behave,
That out o' sight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whafe cause is best,
And his decreet stands good—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;
Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleases—my good friend
proceed:

What learning has he, can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder weel: for troth I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough o' lair;
And he delytes in books—He reads and speaks
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read—and o' what
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind. (kind?

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, fang, or sport:
Nor does he want o' them a outh at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespeare and a famous Ben,
He astens speaks, and ca's them best o' men,
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, and gares their verles ring.
I sometimes thought that he made o'er great fraize,
About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,
Wi' this quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir W. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ears
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear;
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our fell.

Sir W. Well jested, Symon;—but one question more,
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves:
Has nae young lassie with inviting mien,
And rosie cheek the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
With Glaud's fair niece, then I thought right or meet,
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yoursel, your son will soon appear;
A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May blefs the fairest, best born lady's arms.

Sir W. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire,
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first meeting see:
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken that is not downright me.

[Exit Symon.]

Sir Will. solus. When the event of hope successfully
appears,

One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When-wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.

These

These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune, Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

*Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drows,
 His soul must take another turn;
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 'Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page.

Bauldy's onset—enter Maufe and Madge.

Maufe. OUR laird's come hame! and owns young
 Pate his heir.

That's news indeed! ———

Madge. ——— As true as ye stand there.
 As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
 Amang us came, cry'd, *Hand ye merry a'*;
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book,
 As we stood round about him on the green
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
 Then pawkylic pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

Maufe

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping cobs,
Wad rin about him and hand out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
Whilk flee Tod-lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them and his hips to cool,
In Summer day slides backward in a pool:
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretel,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
Hung at his coat, and syne for blytheness grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Ellpa, Ellpa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon,
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done;
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsel:
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae wha kens, and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain;
Ev'n kings tane a queen out o' the plain,
And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak-root, but tocher good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood!
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
But siccan serlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsake her, Bauldy she may gain,
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! flavering doof! it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to tiel!
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Mause. Ye'd be as darty in your choice as he;
And so wad I; but whisht! here Bauldy comes,

Enter BAULDY singing.

*Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't,
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher good:
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee,
E'ens ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let me be.*

Madge.

Madge. Well liket Bauldy, that's a dainty fang.
Bauldy. I'll gi'e ye't a' 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[Sings again.

*I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen gangin in a pleugh;
 Gangin in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,
 A peetstack 'fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire,
 I'll make a ranting fire, and merry shall we be,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

*I trow sae——lasses will come too at last,
 Tho' for a while they maun their snaw baws cast.*

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Bauldy.———Faith, unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane if we may ask?

Bauldy. To find out, that is nae difficult task.
 Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
 On Pate turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir,
 Now, now good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
 While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me;
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove,
 Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
 Fy Bauldy, blush, and vows o' love regard;
 What other lass will trow a mansworn herd,
 The curse of heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
 Ill ne'er advise my niece say gray a gate,
 Nor will she be advis'd fu' weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest!
 Ye lee'd, auld roudes——and in faith had best

Eat

Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand
Wi' a het face afore the haly-band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling gabbit-brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails; that when my hands are in,
Can flype the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness Maufe, ye heard her say
That I'm manforn—— I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!——

*Flies to his hair like a fury.—— A stout battle,
—— Maufe endeavours to redd them.*

Maufe. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt,
Bauldy, leen;

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;
'Tis sae daft like——

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches
with a bleeding nose.*

Madge. —— 'Tis daster like to thole
An etter-cap like him to blaw the coal.

It sets him weel wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld rouds! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt no;—— ye'll e'en be friends wi' ho-
nest Bauldy:

Come, come, shake hands, this maun nae farder gae;
Ye maun forgi'e'm: I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae
But she abusing first was a' the wyte, [spite
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face gae
greet,

And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat.

Gae,

48 The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear,
Vow and lowp back! — was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deil, he's o'er lang out o' hell.

Bauldy. [running off.] His presence be about us!
Curst were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Madge. [laughing.] I think I have towzled his harigalds a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye for't,
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had the scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand,
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch!—how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
Obliges fowk resentment to decline, [mine
'Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith supplie:
Thus I put aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syn e bade him come, and we shou'd gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll hae as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae; for see its hard on night,
The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

[Exeunt]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.*

Roger. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart
lowps light;

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right;
Sure gentle fowk are farrer seen than we,
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn;
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day,
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confess,

He a' the father to my soul exprest,

While close he held me to his manly breast.

Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth!

Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.

My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,

Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;

That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,

While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd;

Unusual transports made my head turn round,

Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found,

The happy son of ane so much renown'd.

But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear,

Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:

E

Which

Which he forbids;—ah ! this confounds my peace,
While thus, to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand;
But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, and haflin reason plead his cause,
But love rebels against all bounding laws;
Fixt in my soul my shepherdess excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune, Kirk wad let me be.*

*Duty and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason,
The strongest must be obey'd ;
For now, tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
My constancy falshood repels :
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Roger. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won;
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love.
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move,
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance
To London niest, and afterwards to France ;
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three ither monkey-tricks:—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon,
Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel ;
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sodner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

Roger.

Roger. They *Wha* ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'er-come only fash'es fowk to keep——
Good master Patrick tak your ain tale haine.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the
The poor and rich but differ in the name. [same :
Content's the greatest blis we can procure
Frae 'boon the list—without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pike it scanty on the bent :
Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease ;
Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Patie. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks na far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the blis ;
The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour :
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gout and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest wi' fowk o'erlaid wi' ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wif, and hale some air.

Roger. Lord, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights :
How gat ye a' this sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear ?

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,
Thae best can teach what's real good and ill ;
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain thole silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy ;
Faith I'll see hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky ;
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride ;
But I sometime this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;
Sent for Peggy,—Yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. [*Exit. Roger.*]

Pat. [*solus.*] Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hauds my heart;
I ken she lo'es, and her fast saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment—Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care: ———
Her eyes are red! ———

[*Enter Peggy.*]

——— My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears,
'Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare na think sae high—I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made na me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withoutten pain see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost!
Like to be carried by some rover's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey,
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me,
To mak strick duty and true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare not hope the fond relief;
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire:
Then I! poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my hartsome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
Nae mair alake! we'll on the meadows play!
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,
As aft times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:

Nae

See mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease,
 May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG XVII. *Tune* Woes my heart that we
 shou'd sunder.

*Speak on—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Patie must from his Peggy sunder,
 A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
 To speak thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Yea meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet scented racks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shou'd prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.*

Patie. Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee;
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,

Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.

I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.

If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—

Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words fae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care;
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save, thy love for me:
Wi' patience then, i'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, 'till thou wi' joy appear;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.—

SANG XVIII. *Tune, Tweed-side.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake,
Where'er my love travels by day,
Where ever he lodges by night,
Wi' me his dear image shall stay;
And my soul keep him ever in sight.*

*Wi' patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms:
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty, that's only skin deep
Must fade like the gowans in May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband hae sense to approve.*

Patie.

————— *Thar's wisely said,*

and what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,
Yet now, lest in our station, we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect afit-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state:
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
say,

And for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae:
Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still—But I'll be ought wi' thee.

Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes; for still amang the best
Good-manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the art to please.

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does im-
prove;

Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love;
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy.

Peggy. Wi' ev'ry setting day and rising morn,
 I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return;
 Under that tree, and on the Suckler brae,
 Where aye we went, when bairns, to rin and play;
 And to the Hazle-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as aithly trow'd;
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day and rising morn,
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aye the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly tald me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infald me.*

*To a' our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood, shaw or fountain:
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender:
 By vows ye're mine, my love is yours,
 A heart which cannot wander.*

Patie. My dear allow me frae thy temples fair,
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
 Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
 I'll aften kiss and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were't in my power wi' better boons to please,
 I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
 Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
 Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
 To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,
 Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
 When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest. [Exeunt.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

P R O L O G U E.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :
Bare legg'd, wi' night cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes foreward to the sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye Bauldy at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its
car to the north the scant approaching light, (pow'r,
stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.

What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chatter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane :
Alake ! I'll never be mysell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it ! Symon ! Symon ! O !

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk ?—to mak sae loud ado.
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed ;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd ; I hear his tread.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How goes the night ? Does day-light yet
Symon, you're very timeously asteer. *[appear ?]*

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Bauldy. O! ay—dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true,
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir Will. *[smiling.]* I lang to hear't.—

Bauldy. ——— Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart :
As she had tryst'd, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright !

For

For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good,
 (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
 Rais'd up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
 Upon me fast the witch and ir fell baith,
 And gat me down, while I like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I wout to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
 I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
 'Till wi' an elrich laugh they vanish'd quite;
 Syne I haff dead with anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping you'll help to gie the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 'Till in a fat tar barrel Maufe be burnt.

Sir W. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantraips, that bring up the deil.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Sir Will. Troth Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
 hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is through want of education blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
 As witches raising deils up thro' a ring,
 Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor;
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
 O'er braes and bogs wi' candles in his doup,
 Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
 Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow;
 Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaves ride,

Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Then aft by night, bumbaze bare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools.
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life;
 That gers me think this hobbleshow that's past,
 Will end in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm sure it will; but see increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. *Tune, Bonny grey ey'd morn.*

*The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray;
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthfu' labours of the day.
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet, 'tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
 While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E H.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;*

Glaud,

*Glaud by his morning ingle tak a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lassies please his een,
And now and then his jokes maun interveen.*

Glaud. **I** With my bairns it may keep fair 'till night,
Ye didna use sae soon to see the light;
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang;
But do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lassies will regard?

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends tho' poor;
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again:
But, be advis'd his company refrain;
Before, he as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake! what's that?—sure if it means ought
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare;
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name,
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap;
They'll tempt young things like you, with yondit
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd. [flush'd]
Be wary then I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and o' gentle blood:
And may not Patrick too like him be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry may than he
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn; they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven:—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jenny

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Gland. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gait's will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid! na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Hasten, hasten ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear and help to redd some odd debate,
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsell.

Gland. Lend me my staff—Madge, look the outer
door,

And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. [*Ex. Gland.*]

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look Jenny, was the like e'er
seen?

How bleer'd and red with greeting, look her een!

This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at E'nburgh cross;
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,
For gentler tea that smells like new won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.

But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send in hoddan gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn,
That's no my fault that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green;

Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?

If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:

And then, the like has been, if the decree

Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story trowth!—But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair, —
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Mause
Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
Dast Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now 'tis tell'd him that the tauze
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir Will. **A**ND was that all?—Well, Bauldy ye
was serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my fault thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it weel
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deil;
Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengfu'——
And that my some place finds;——but I had best
Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Will. [looking at Peggy.] Whose daughter's she
that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this, I find,
The girl brings all my sister to my mind?
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter Glaud!——

Glaud.

Glaud. ——— Sir she's my niece——

and yet she's not—but I should haud my peace.

Sir Will. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
he is, and is not! pray thee *Glaud* explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year——

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!——

Patie. ——— So am I!

or much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey——

This bonny fundling ae clear morn of May,

close by the lee-side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

infant-weeds, of rich and gentle make.

That cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Tha warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

so much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,

the helpless young? for she appear'd to me,

only about twa townmonds auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

Whid the story, she has pass'd since syne

as a poor orphan, and a niece of mine;

or do I rue my care about the we'an,

or she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.^a

I see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

and am right sure she's come o' gentle blood;

of whom I kenna——naething ken I mair,

than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!——

Patie. ——— The tale delights my ear!

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth
appear.

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush,

eggy may smile——Thou hast nae cause to blush.

ang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,

that I might safely to the truth gi'e way;

that I might now Sir William Worthy name,

the best and nearest friend that she can claim.

He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. W. Old woman do not rave—prove what you say;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near the grāve?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

S. W. Make haste good woman and resolve each doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me weel, has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand
Who nurs'd her mother, that now holds my hand!
Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

S. W. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes before!
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

S. W. Yes surely, thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail:
But no more words, 'till Mause relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurse gae on, nae music's hafe sae fine,
Or can g'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess;
All this to me a confident confess.

I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dred,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour the floor I fastly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lightned by the moon.

Will eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your chearfu' swains.
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er might happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
Remember weel how I that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. With tears of joy happing down his beard.
Weel remember't: Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge some time shou'd about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,—my joys are full
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms;
She's mine by vows, and would tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife when I my vows durst own.

S. W. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair:
Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Patie. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Will raises them.] I give you both my blessing;
may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy with the blest surprise;
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William blis thae happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e;
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir W. The base unnat'ral villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an estate
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate;
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you;
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tauze, and pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir W. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. GOD save the King, and save Sir William
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang. [sang,

Roger. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lift the spring?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe—wi' very Madge I'm
Altho' they shelpet me when woody flied: (gree'd,
I'm now fu' blyth and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live:—and Bauldy learn to steele
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt

Of our young lady,——my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn:——

An, my good nurse, how gratefu' shall I be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. W. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs I give an endless feu,
The mailens ye Possess, as justly due,

For acting like kindly fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides and these can spare.

Mause. in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The LORD of heaven return your Honour's
love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.

Sir, Here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;

Glaud's daughter Janet, (Jenny think nae shame)

Lais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:

Long was he dumb, at last he spake and won,

And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;

He pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,

That nane may wear a face of discontent.

S. W. My son's demand is fair—Glaud let me crave

That trusty Roger may your daughter have

With frank consent; and while he does remain

Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay! [say,

What'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,

And still your master's right your business make.

Please him, be faithful, and this auld grey head

Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,

For ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;

But for my master, father and my wife,

Will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir W.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Sir W. My Friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey ;
I'll sing you aye, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXI. Tune, Corn riggs are bonny.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his walking,
The shining of his een surprize,
'Tis heav'n to hear him talking,

Last night I met him on a bank,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There many a kindly word he spake
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of any,
That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chafly should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry PATE,
And syne my cochermony ;
He's free to tounle, air or late,
Where corn riggs are bonny.

T H E E N D.

F A M I

FAMILIAR EPISTLES,

BETWEEN

Lieutenant WILLIAM HAMILTON, and

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EPISTLE I.

Gilbertfield, June 26, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN!
 Renowned RAMSAY, canty callan,
 There's nouth'er highlan man nor lawlan,
 In poetrie
 But may as soon ding down Tamtallan
 As match with thee.
 For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
 I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
 When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder,
 Wi' wit and skill,
 Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
 And quat my quill.
 Of poetrie the hale quintessence
 Thou hast suckt up, left nae excreffence
 To Petty Poets or sic messengers,
 Though round thy stool,
 They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons.
 At RAMSAY's school.
 Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown
 Were yet alive at London town;
 Like kings contending for a crown,
 'Twad be a pingle,
 Whilk o' ye three wad gar words sound
 And best to gingle.
 Transform'd may I be to a rat,
 Wer't in my pow'r but I'd create
 Thee upo' fight, the laureat
 Of this our age.
 Since thou may'st fairly claim to that
 As thy just wage.

Let

Let modern Poets bear the blame
 Gin they respect not RAMSAY's name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
 To their great loss,
 And send them a' right snaking hame

By weeping crows.
 Wha bourds with thee had need be warry,
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
 When thou consults thy dictionary,
 Of ancient words,
 Which come frae thy poetie quarry,
 As sharp as swords,!

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
 And be as light as Aristotle,
 At Ed'nburgh we sall have a bottle,
 Of reeming claret,
 Gin that my half-pay filler shottle
 Can safely spare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain
 Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
 Whilk aften does our spirits drain
 Of true content;
 Wow, wow! but we's be wonder fain,
 When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarise our craig,
 Then enter in a lasting league,
 Free of ill aspect or intrigue,
 And gin you please it
 Like princes, when met at the Hague,
 We'll solemaize it.

Accept of this; and look upon it
 With favour, tho' poor I have done it;
 Sae I conclude and end my sonnet,
 Who am most fully,
 While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
 Your's,—wanton Willy.

P O S T S C R I P T.

BY this my postscript I incline
 To let you ken my hail design,

Of sic a lang imperfect line,
 To cultivate my dull engine
 Your answer therefore I expect,
 And to your friend you may direct,
 At Gilbert field do not neglect
 Which I'll embrace with great respect
 And perfect pleasure.

ANSWER I.

Edinburgh, July 10, 1719.

SINCE fa' me, witty wanton Willy
 Gin blyth I was nae as a filly :
 Not a fon pint nor short hought gilly,
 Or wine that's better ;
 Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy,
 As thy kind letter.

Before a Lord and eik a knight,
 In gessy Don's by candle light,
 There first I saw't and ea'd it right,
 And the maist feck
 That's seen't sincefyne, they ca't as tight
 As that on Heck.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna say,
 But I may cook my nose the day,
 When HAMILTON the bauld and gay,
 Lends me a heezy
 A verse that slides sae smooth away,
 Weel tell'd and easy.

Sae roos'd by ane of weel kend mettle,
 Sae sma' did my ambition pettle ;
 My canker'd criticks it will nettle,
 And e'en sae be't
 This month I'm sure I winna settle,
 Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse
 And cou'd your Ardry whins rehearse,

Of

Where

Where bonny Heck ran first and fierce,
 It warm'd my breast;
 Then emulation did me pierce
 Whilk since near ceast.

May I be licket wi' a beetle,
 Gin of your numbers I think little:
 Ye're never rugget, sham, nor kittle,
 But blyth and gabby,
 And hit the spirit to a tittle.

Of standard Habby.
 Ye'll quat your quill! that were ill-willy,
 Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
 O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
 And gar ye sour,
 Then up and war them a' yet Willy;
 'Tis in your pow'r.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
 And then to card them round about,
 Syne to tell them up they downa lout
 To lift the gear,
 The malison lights on that rout,
 Is plain and clear.

The chiefs of London, Cam. and Ox.
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetic stocks
 Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks,
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters. This provokes
 Me to reflect

On the lear'd days of Gawa Dunkell
 Our country then a tale could tell,
 Europe had nane mair snack and snell
 At verse or prose:
 Our Kings were poets too themself,
 Bauld and jocose.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, whene'er ye come,
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
 Wer't frae the Gile-bells to the Drum,
 And tak a bout,
 And faith I hope we'll not sit dumb,
 Nor yet cast out.

EPISTLE II.

Gilbertfield, July 24, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle:
O sic a fike and sic a fittle,

I had about it,
That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle
Sae fain I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
How to the nines they did content me;
Tho', Sir, so high to compliment me,
Ye might defer'd;
Or had ye but ha'f well a kent me,

Some less wad set'd.
With joyfu' heart beyond expression:
They're safely now in my possession:
gin I were a winter session,

Near by thy lodging,
I'd close attend thy new profession,
Without e'er budging.

In downright earnest, there's but few
To vie wi' Ramsay dare avow,
I verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleeching
Thou's better at that trade I trow,

Than some's at preaching.
For my part till I'm better lear't,
No troke with thee had best forbear't,
Nor an the fowk of Edinburgh hear't,

They'll ca' me daft,
In unco irie and dirt-fear't,
I mak wrang waft.

Thy verses nice as ever nickit,
Made me as canty as a cricket;
Nuch to reply, lest I stickit;

Syne like a coof
Look, or ane whase pouch is picket
As bare's my loof.

Heh winfome ! how thy fast sweet stile,
And bonny auld words gar me smile ;
Thou's travell'd surely mony a mile,
Wi' charge and cost,
To learn them thus keep rank and file,
And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee honest Allie,
I use the freedom so to call thee,
I think them a' fae bra' and wallie,
And in sic order,
I wadna care to be thy vallie,
Or thy recorder.

Hast thou with Rosycrucians wandert?
Or through some doncie desert dandert?
That with thy magic, town and landart,
For ought I see,
Maun a' come truckle to thy standart
Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me dearest heart,
As if I charg'd thee wi' black art ;
'Tis thy good genius still alert,
That does inspire
Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart
To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,
Bra to fit o'er a pint of ale;
For fifty guineas I'll find bail
Against a bodle,
That I wad quat ilk day a meal,
For sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby,
As either thee or honest Habby,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet plush,
And then thou'd be sae far frae shabby,
Thou'd look right sprufty.

What tho' young empty airy sparks,
May have their critical remarks
On thir our blyth diverting warks:
'Tis fina' presumption.

To say they're but unlearned clarks,
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb criticks get a tether,
To tye up a' their lang loose leather;
If they and I chance to forgather,
The tane may rue it,
For an they winna had their blether,
They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry,
In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I:
Pray dip thy pen in wrath and cry,
And ca' them skellums,
I'm sure thou needs set little by,
To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm sae bleirt and doited,
That when I raise, in troth I stoited;
I thought I should turn cappernoited,
For wi' a gird,
Upon my bum I fairly cloited,
On the cald eard.

The which did cause a little duple,
Upon my doup close by my rumple,
But had you seen how I did trumple,
Ye'd split your side,
Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
Like trough of clyde.

A N S W E R II.

Edinburgh, August 4, 1719.

D E A R Hamilton ye'll turn me dyver
My muse sae bonny ye describe her,
Ye blaw her sae I'm fear'd ye rive her,
For wi' a whid,
In ony higher up ye drive her
She'll rin rid wood.

Said I,—“Whisht quoth the voguy jade,
William's a wise judicious lad,
Has havins mair than e'er ye had,
“I'll bred bog-staker.
“But

" But me, ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd,

" Ye poor scull thacker.

" It sets ye weel indeed to gage!

" E'er I t' Appollo did ye cadge,

" And got ye on his honour's badge,

" Ungratfu' beast,

" A Glasgou capon and a fadge

" Ye thought a feast.

" Swith to Castalus fountain brink,

" Dad down a grouf, and tak a drink,

" Syne whisk out paper, pen, and ink,

" And do my bidding;

" Be thankfu', else I'se gar ye stink

" Yet on a midding."

My mistress dear, your servant humble,

Said I, I should be laith to drumble

Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble,

'Tis ne'er be me

Shall scandalize, or say ye bumail

Your poetrie.

Frae what I've tell'd, my friend may learn

How sadly I have been forfairn,

I'd better been a yont side Kairn

A Mount, I trow:

I've kiss'd the tauze like a good bairn,

Now, Sir, to you.

Hale be your heart, gay counthy carle,

Lang may you help to toom a barral;

Be thy crown ay unclour'd in quarrel.

When thou inclines

To knoit thrawn gabbet sumphs that snarl

At our frank lines,

Ilk good chiel says, ye're well worth goud,

And blythness on ye's weel bestow'd,

'Mang witty Scots your name's be row'd,

Ne'er fame to tine;

The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd

But ye shall shine.

Set out the burnt side of your shin,

For pride in poets is nae sin,

Glory

Glory's the prize for which they rin,
 And fame's their jo;
 And wha blaw's best, the horn shall win,
 And wharefor no?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain glorious,
 Shaws icanter skill, *malos mores*,
Multi & magni men before us

Did stamp and swagger
Probatum est, exemplum Horace,
 Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts fash'd wi' spleen,
 Cast up the wrang side of their een,
 Pegh, fry, and girn wi' spite and teen,
 And fa' a flyting,

Laugh, for the lively lads will screen
 Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,
 And foreign whiskers hae na dung us;
 Gif I can snifter through mundungus,
 Wi' boots and belt on.

I hope to see you at St. Mungo's
 Atween and Beltan.

EPISTLE III.

Gilbertfield, August 24, 1719.

A Ccept my third and last essay,
 Of rural rhyme I humbly pray,
 Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may
 Seem doilt and donsie,

Yet thrice of all things I heard say,
 Was ay thought sonsie.

Wherefore I scarce could sleep or slumber,
 'Till I made up that happy number,
 The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber,

In every part,
 And snoov'd awa like three hand ombre,
 Six pence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date
 August the fourth, I grant receipt,

It was sae bra, gart me look blate,

'Maist tyne my senses,

And look just like poor country Kate

In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish Priest,

Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;

He says, thou may had up thy crest,

And craw fu crouse,

The poets a' to thee's but jest,

Not worth a louse.

Thy blyth and chearfu' merry muse,

Of compliments is sae profuse;

For my good havins dis me ruse

Sae very finely,

It were ill breëding to refuse

To thank her kindly:

What tho' sometimes in angry mood,

When she puts on her barlick hood,

Her dialect seems rough and rood;

Let's ne'er be flee't

But tak our bit when it is good,

And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,

And dinna calmly thole her banter,

She'll tak the flings; 'verse may grow scanter.

Syne wi' great shame,

We'll rue the day that we do want her,

Then wha's to blame.

But let us still her kindness culzie,

And wi' her never breed a toulzie,

For we'll bring off but little spulzie,

In sic a barter;

And she'll be fair to gar us sulzie

And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,

My pack I scarce dare open mair,

'Till I tak better wi' the lair,

My pen's sae blunted;

And a' for fear I file the fair,

And be affronted.

The

The dull draff drink makes me fae dowff;
 I can do's but bark and yowff,
 et set me in a claret howff,

Wi' fowk that's chancy,
 My muse may lend me then a gowff,
 To clear my fancy.

Then Bacchus like I'd bawl and blutter,
 and a' the muses 'bout me mustler,
 e merrily I'd squeeze the cluster

And drink the grape,
 wad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre
 And better shape.

The powers aboon be still auspicious
 to thy atchievements maist delicious,
 thy poems sweet and nae way vicious,
 But blyth and canny;
 to see I'm anxious and ambitious,

Thy miscellany.
 A' blessings, Ramsay, on thee row,
 ing may thou live, and thrive and dow,
 til thou caw an auld man's pow;
 And thro' the creed.

kept frae the worricow
 After thou's dead.

ANSWER III.

Edinburgh, September 2, 1719,

My trusty TROJAN.

THY last oration orthodox,
 Thy innocent auld-farrant jokes,
 and sonne saw of three provokes

Me anes again,
 d-lowrie like to loose my pocks
 And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e red,
 shly scan the man well bred,
 and Sodger that where honour led,
 Has ventur'd bauld;
 a now to youngsters leaves the yed
 To tend his fauld.

The That bangster Billy Caesar Jolly,
 a at Pharfalia wan the toulzy

Had

80 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Had better sped, had he mair hooly,
 Scamper'd thro' life,
 And 'midst his glories sheath'd his gooly,
 And kiss'd his wife.

Had he like you, as well he cou'd,
 Upon burn-banks the muses woo'd,
 Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
 Wha'd been aboon him;
 The Senate's durks and faction loud
 Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes leave the riggs and bog,
 Your howms, and braes, and shady scrog,
 And helm a-lee the claret cog,
 To clear your wit;
 Be blyth, and let the warld e'en shog,
 As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your niest year's state,
 Nor with superior powers debate,
 Nor cantraips cast to ken your fate;
 There's ills anew
 To cram our days which soon grow late:
 Let's live just now.

When northern blasts the ocean snurl,
 And gars the heights and hows look gurl,
 Then let's about the bumper whirl,
 And toom the horn,
 Grip fast the hours which hasty hurle,
 The morn's the morn.

Thus to Leuconoe sang sweet Flaccus
 Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus:
 And why should we let whinties bawk us,
 When joy's in season,
 And thole fae aft the spleen to whauk us,
 When out of reason?

Tho' I were laird of ten score acres,
 Nodding to jouks of hallan-shakers,
 Yet crush'd wi' hambrums, which the waker's
 Contentment ruins,
 I'd rather roost wi' causy-rakers,
 And sup cauld sowens.

I think my friend and fowk can get,
 A doll of rost beef pypen het,
 And wi' red wine their wyson wet,
 And claithing clean,
 And be na sick, or drown'd in debt,
 They're na to mean.

I read this verse to my ain kimmer,
 Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,

Or sic and sic good belly-timber :

Sicker of thae winter and simmer,

Quoth she and leugh,

Ye're weel enough.

My hearty goss, there is nae help,

But hand to nive we twa maun skelp

Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alp-

pines and Pyrenians.

The chearfu' carles do fae yelp

To hae their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme fae rare,

Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,

Sae gash and gay, gars fouk gae gare,

To hae them by them ;

Tho' gassin they wi' fides fae fair,

Cry,----Wae gay by him !

Fair fa' that sodger did invent

To ease the poet's toil wi' print :

Now, William, we maun to the bent,

And pouise our fortune,

And crack wi' lads wha're weel content

Wi' this our sporting.

Gin eny four mou'd girning bucky

Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,

That we like nags whose necks are youcky

Ha'e us'd our teeth :

I'll answer syne,----Gae kiss ye're lucky,

She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,

But when I speak, I speak indeed,

Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,

I'll own I am fae,

And while my champers can chew bread,

Your's---Allan Ramsay.

*In Epistle to Lieutenant HAMILTON, on the receiving the
compliment of a barrel of Lochfene Herring from him.*

Y OUR Herring, Sir, came hale and feer,

In healsome brine-a sowmen,

Or fat they are and gusty gear,

As e'er I laid my thumb on :

Bra sappy fish

As aye cou'd wish

To clap on fadge or scone :

They relish fine

Good claret wine,

That gars our cares stand yon.

Right

Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang
 About auld Reeky's ingle,
 When kedgy carles think na lang,
 Where stoups and trenchors gingle;
 Then my friend leel
 We tofs your heel,
 And with bauld brag advance
 What's hoarded in
 Lochs Broom and Fine,
 Might ding the stocks of France.
 A jelly sum to carry on
 A fishery's design'd,
 Twa millions good of Sterling pound,
 By men of money's sign'd.
 Had ye but seen
 How unco' keen
 And thrang they were about it,
 That we are bald,
 Right rich and auld-
 farran ye ne'er wad doubt it.
 , now I hope we'll ding the Dutch,
 As fine as a round Robin,
 Gin greediness to grow soon rich
 Invites not to stock-jobbing.
 That poor boss shade
 Of sinking trade,
 And weather-glass politick,
 Which heaves and sets,
 As publick gets
 A heezy, or a wee kick.
 Fy, fy! but yet I hope 'tis daft
 To hear that trick come hither,
 Ha, we're aboon that dirty craft
 Of biting ane anither,
 The subject rich
 Will gi'e a hitch
 T' increase the publick gear,
 When on our seas,
 Like biffy bees,
 Ten thousand fishers steer.
 Could we catch the united shoals
 That croud the western ocean,
 The Indies wad prove hungry holes,
 Compar'd with this our Goshen:
 Then let's to wark
 With net and bark

Them fish and faithfu' cure up;
 Gin sae we join
 We'll cleek in coin

Frae a' the ports in Europe.
 Thanks t'ye Captain for this swatch
 Of your store, and your favour;
 Gin I be spar'd, your love to match
 Shall still be my endeavour,

Next unto you,
 My service due
 Please gi'e to Matthew Cumin,
 Wha with fair heart
 Has play'd his part,
 And sent them true and trim in.

An ELEGY on a Gentleman's Dog in Glasgow.

Done by Poet GRAHAM.

NOW CURLEY's dead poor honest tyke,
 The wisest brute e'er lap a dyke,
 In Glasgow town left not his like

He was so slim,
 All other dogs can bark and bite
 But none like him.]

When he was young he had the wits
 Not to be given away to prats,
 Like other dogs that worrie cats,
 And chows the spoons,
 But like a prentice that wisely acts
 And keeps his looms.

His master's will he did obey;
 He knew what people to him did say,
 And bought their buns for mony a day
 And errands gade;
 But now his servants must run that way
 Since Curley's dead.

A duck or drake in water or lough;
 To kill an otter in lin or though,
 All other dogs he did out through

For teeth or feet;
 But now the hunters may say, oh! oh!
 And for him greet!

And for the witty ways he acted,
 Pennys for him has been collected,
 The people with him was so affected

He gade their erran
 To bring them buns he was well tractet
 Or yet a herrin.

When

When winter nights were dark and wet
He'd bear a lanthorn through the street,
Ay tottling at his master's feet,

To g'e him light,
One night a priest he chanc'd to meet
And did him fright.

He thought it was the old black lad,
Going through the city in parade,
At last it was a dog he saw't;

Gave him a penny,
Hae buy a loaf poor tike wi' that
Ye are worth many.

Another time he's sent for snuff,
Out came the stophold wi' a phuff
In's mouth it was so bitter and tough,
He lor it fa'

Up with his foot rub'd aff the rough,
And came away

To smuggle tobacco he did abhor
He'd never go for sniffing more;
All other errands about the door

He frankly gade,
And kept his honest name therefore,
But now he's dead.

One day poor Cusley fasted lang,
For's master's wig he's forc'd to gang
And as I tell you, by my sang,

He paun'd the same,
To get a bun it was not wrang

To fill his want.

And for so doing he was weel licket,
But and ben the house he's licket;
His master cry'd I'll hae him sticket:

Go bring my wig,
Of theifry now he was convicted

As clean's a leak.

But all his life for to rehearse,
I have no time to put in verse,
He brought again his master's wig,
But of his words no more I'll speak.
As changing money and carrying coo,
And taking down his master's brogs,
Unto the lair to make them clean,
This many with their e'en have seen,
And yet alas! when he was dead
They busied him to the hidden-head.

F I N I S.

